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Northern Messenger

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Feed My Sheep.

That was a narrow street
Where trod Thy blessed feet;
And that a noisy throng
That followed Thee along;
And many a one was such
We scarce would deign to touch.
But Thou wast pressed upon by the unfolded sheep,
And very close to them Thy place didst keep.
And is it thus
Thou sayest to us,
'O, if ye love Me, tend My sheep?'

That was a green hillside
By Galilee's soft tide;
And sweet the garden's shade
By ancient olives made.
We often follow there
Thy words of life to share;
But, oh, the multitude of Thine untended sheep!
Speaks there a voice within our spirit's deep—
Thy voice to us,
And speaks it thus,
'O, if ye love Me, feed My sheep?'
—M. E. Gates, in the 'Presbyterian.'

Begin Right.

The following simple account of how one family began right their married life is from the pen of Dr. J. W. Weddell. It conveys its own lesson. The Publication Society has put it into pamphlet form so that pastors may give it to newly married couples.

'John, let us begin right.'

The word was spoken with a winning smile, itself a good beginning for the day, flashed at John across the breakfast table.

Yes, they were just setting up housekeeping—John and Mary, and this was their first meal in the pretty home the young husband had provided for his dainty bride. The interior of the house, the cleanness and neatness of its furnishings, the flowers tastefully arranged, the well-laid repast, gave token that the little wife had done her happy part and that, as ever, the deft weaver and the doughty house-hand had united to produce the charming picture of 'Love in a Cottage' that men and angels love to look upon—if they may.

Just now John was folding his napkin with a satisfied air, and was evidently preparing to give the hearty but hasty morning salutation and catch his car for down town and the day's work that was calling to him.

'Wait a minute, John. Let us begin right,' said Mary.

John looked across at his little wife a bit surprised. 'I—I thought we had already begun,' he ventured.

'Yes; but you know what I mean, John. We ought to begin the day with God, oughtn't we?'

The man of the house threw up his head slightly and then looked gravely down for a moment. He was a Christian, as was the fair daughter of a pious home he had chosen for his helpmate; but he had never accustomed himself to lifting his voice in public prayer or voicing his personal petition aloud. How many others there are like him! And so he answered quite naturally, 'What shall I say?'

He had 'asked the blessing' at the opening of the meal, had done it at a glance from the little lady across the table, in the simple fashion he had learned at the old home: 'Dear Jesus, we thank thee for our daily bread. May it nourish us and strengthen us for the duties of the day. Amen.'

But this was something other and harder he felt. And yet it was something he knew ought to be done, and that he always meant some time should be done. And now here he was facing the issue. 'What shall I say?' he asked.

'Here is the good Book,' said Mary, producing her study Bible from the sewing-stand at the side. 'I marked a passage I thought you might like to read.' With a little eagerness to know what she had chosen, and yet his hand trembling a bit with the new and sudden burden of his priesthood in the home, he turned to these words and read:

'And the man bowed down his head, and worshipped the Lord. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren.' (Gen. xxiv., 26, 27.)

It was one of those many scriptures in the Old and New Testaments that dignify the home and sanctify the wedded life. Its holy atmosphere and accent chastened the thought and refreshed the soul in the very reading.

When he looked up Mary was gazing calmly and expectantly at him. He knew what it meant. A moment he paused, while a silent, arrowy prayer went up for strength from two hearts, and quietly he said, 'Let us pray.'

And this was what he said: 'Our Father in heaven we thank thee for this thy word; we thank thee for our happy home, and for all the mercies that come to us new every morning. Help us to live for thee to-day and for the blessed Christ that hath redeemed us. Grant us thy Spirit, preserve us from harm, and keep us from sin this day, and at last, when life's work is ended, graciously receive us to thyself and to the dear ones gone before. We ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.'

It was enough. The good-bye kiss was sweeter and more sacred, and all the day long the remembrance of this happy, wholesome opening of its hours lent a sense of peace and of calm praise to the soul that made it like one of the days of heaven upon earth.

Thus well begun, the days went on evenly and rightly. Each morning Mary had her Scripture marked for John to read—a brief

presage—not more than ten verses usually, for the time was short. (There is a multitude of such scriptures to select from, namely, Matthew v., Proverbs i., or the Psalms.)

One day they were later than ordinarily in rising, and there was but a moment to spare at the close of the meal. But there was the resolve each had tacitly made, 'In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.'

The up-look of the morning was not forgotten, two heads a moment bent in prayer while the wife's gentle voice glided into the petition that both took up: 'Our Father who art in heaven.' Then off for the day's tasks with a ready hand, a happy heart and a quiet mind.

Dear Friends, starting out on life's pilgrimage, hand-in-hand, start right. Begin each day at the gates of prayer, and keep Christ a constant guest in your home and within your heart.

'But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen.' (Phil. iv., 19, 20).

'More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams, of wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'

'The Fifth Gospel.'

(The Rev. R. R. Young, M.A., Rector of Acle, in the London 'Christian.')

What is this? I thought, as I read the title. Has some new MS. been discovered? No! it might have occurred to me before; it was 'the Gospel according to you,' the Gospel which you, my brother, my sister, set forth by your life. Here is a Gospel which everyone can read.

Education has made great strides in the last fifty years, but it is not everybody who can read the Four Gospels. I am afraid in our country districts many young people practically give up reading when they leave school; there is too much 'cramming' for them to delight in knowledge for its own sake.

With all the splendid work of Bible Societies, there are plenty of people who have not Bibles, and do not want them they think; but 'the Fifth Gospel' is in everyone's hands, and all can read that.

Some converts in the foreign mission field were once asked: 'What is a Christian?' They hesitated, hardly knowing what to say. At last one replied: 'It is to live as Mr. —— lives.' Mr. —— was the missionary, who had not only preached Christ, but lived Christ amongst them.

That answer could never have been given if Mr. —— had only preached the Gospel according to the Four, while by his life he had taught something else. There would, indeed, have been no true disciples to question at all; and he might have been told:

But, my good brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven.
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And recks not his own rede.

Your children have this 'Fifth Gospel' constantly before them. What do they make of it? Do they find your religion, like the Sunday coat and hat, brought out for the Lord's Day, and then carefully put away for the week? Or do they feel that Christ is the true Head of the home?

Your servants? how does it strike them? They see you are regular at God's house, you are a prominent member of the Church. But when you are within your own four walls, and the front door is closed upon you, what then? How do you mistresses bear the endless worries and jars, the petty cares of the household? As a true follower of Jesus should?

What of your workpeople? Do they find you unwilling to take a mean advantage of them or of other people; are you ready to see and hear their side of the question? Or are you overbearing and hard? Are they likely to think: 'He leaves his religion at the church doors on Sunday night'?

How about your employers? What sort of Gospel does yours seem to them? Are you as careful when the eye of master or mistress is not upon you as when it is? A fair day's wage for a fair day's work is a splendid principle, but it cuts both ways. Are you as honest in small things as in great? You may think there is no harm in taking a little thing from the shelf or cupboard now and then, but what if God should think you a thief!

You men of business, how does your Gospel come out? You cannot say: 'Business is one thing, religion another.' Christ claims a place on either side of the counter, on the exchange as well as elsewhere. Brother, be true and just in all your dealings. You have nothing to do with 'tricks of the trade'—nor will you sell the inferior article for the genuine.

You young fellows, who are fond of athletics, cricket, football, and the like. What about your Gospel? You don't bet; you don't swear; you don't cheat—of course not! You play the game for the game's sake. But are you careful to show that you will not approve of those bad practices which are eating out the heart of some of our manly games?

My friend, whoever you are, your experience should be that of St. Paul—'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Christ, who is the Centre of each of the Four Gospels, must be of 'the Fifth' also.

The 'Consecrated Cobbler.'

When in the town of Serampore, not far from the city of Calcutta, a few months ago, I saw in a bookcase of the Baptist College of that place a most astounding monument to the perseverance and genius of one man. There, on a single shelf, were piled high, one above another, no less than forty Bibles, or portions of the Bible in as many different languages and dialects, all of them the work of the pioneer missionary of the nineteenth century, the Rev. William Carey, a name revered and honored in all Christian circles. He was the man whom Sydney Smith sneeringly called in his early days, when he wielded the shoemaker's awl and hammer, the 'consecrated cobbler,' but the 'consecrated cobbler' became the greatest Sanscrit scholar of his time. He became professor of Sanscrit in the College at Court Edward, at a very large salary, all of which he devoted to missionary purposes, and, as I have said, left this monument of Bibles of his own translation behind him. Most of these are in use to-day, for no better translations have ever been made, and yet this was only a small portion of the self-denying labors of this missionary hero. No wonder that an eminent writer of the Ethnological Society of New York enthusiastically declares: 'Missions enable the German in his closet to compare more than two hundred languages; the unpronounceable syllables used by John Eliot, the monosyllables of China, the lordly Sanscrit and its modern associates, the smooth languages of the South Seas, the musical dialects of Africa, and the harsh gutturals of our own Indians.' 'But for the researches of our missionaries,' says another, 'the languages of further India,' and he might add of most of the rest of the world, 'would be "terra incognita."'—The Rev. Francis E. Clarke, in 'North American Review' for March.

Religious Notes.

According to an item in the Richmond 'Times-Dispatch,' a booklet has been made up of residences and other property owned by negroes in Richmond, also churches, school buildings, and business establishments conducted by negroes. The booklet is gotten out for the purpose of letting the thousands who are attracted to Virginia by the Jamestown Exposition this year know what the better class of negroes are doing in Richmond. On the information page of the booklet are the statements that the negro population of the city is 35,000. They own real estate valued at $1,345,910, and pay taxes to the amount of $16,753,60. They conduct 4 insurance companies, 4 banks, 4 drug stores, and 5 weekly newspapers. Among the colored people are 14 physicians, 4 dentists, 8 lawyers and many men engaged in all kinds of business. They have 31 churches and 90 public school teachers.

Dr. Holt of the Presbyterian Mission writes: 'I am just home from spending the Sabbath with our Umatilla Indian church. I witnessed a scene not easily forgotten. In response to the urgent call of the Indians some 35 of our Nez Perce Indians, accompanied by Miss Crawford, came over to the church, and having held special evangelistic services, the results were gathered last Sabbath. In the morning we dedicated the new church free from debt. At three in the afternoon we celebrated the Lord's Supper. There were fully 250 Indians present. In the audience sat the Rev. James Hys, who was a wild Indian when a young man, and is now a consecrated minister of the Gospel. There sat Kiphapalikan, a grandson of one of the Indians who went to St. Louis in 1832 to find the white man's Book of Heaven. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church. There was Sarah, an old, decrepit woman, who first heard the Gospel from the lips of Mrs. Marcus Whitman, and well remembers her. She is a consistent Christian and has been for many years. There was Philip Minthorn, whose ancestors murdered the Whitman party. He is now a respected elder in the church. It sent a thrill through my soul to look at these monuments to God's grace, all of them my acquaintances, who have come out from such darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel. Twenty-seven members were added to the little Indian church last Sabbath on profession of their faith, and seventeen of them were baptized.'

Mr. W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago 'Record-Herald,' speaks of the British merchants dealing in opium and their appeal against the sudden attack upon their trade. Mr. Curtis should have explained who these 'British merchants' are. From the 'North China Daily News' it is learned that these traders are British subjects. Thirteen of these large dealers sign their firm names. They are all of them either Jews or Parsees from Bombay—six being Jews and seven Parsees. They claim an annual trade of $37,000,000, about one-fifth of which is now in stock at Hongkong or Shanghai. It is well to know that Mr. Morley, secretary for India, has ordered the restriction of land given to opium growth by one-sixth of its present annual acreage.

Dr. Griffith John has recently received a letter from the son of Robert Morrison, thanking him for the article on his father's life which appeared in the April 'Chronicle.' The writer of the letter is eighty-two years of age and is living in England.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: A Friend, Holliday, Ont., $1.00; A Friend, Bottineau, N.D., $2.00; Miss Muriel Eckhardt, Toronto, $1.00; A Friend, Murillo, $1.25; Total .. .. $ 5.25

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Previously acknowledged for the launch	$571.84
Previously acknowledged for the cots	181.59
Previously acknowledged for the komatik	111.45
Total received up to Oct. 1	$883.13

POSTAL CRUSADE.

We have been asked to acknowledge on behalf of the Postal Crusade the receipt of two anonymous gifts; $5.00 from a tenth giver, and $1.00 from a friend in Clarence.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1907.

Caleb's Faithfulness Rewarded.

Joshua xiv., 6-15. Memory verses 7, 8. Read Josh. xiv., and also vii—xiii.

Golden Text.

Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.—Matt. xxv., 23.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 21.—Josh. xiv., 1-15.
Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Num. xiv., 22-39.
Wednesday, October 23.—Deut. i., 22-36.
Thursday, October 24.—Ps. xxxvii., 1-20.
Friday, October 25.—Ps. xxxvii., 21-40.
Saturday, October 26.—Prov. ii., 1-22.
Sunday, October 27.—Prov. viii., 1-21.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

How old are you Fred? Ten? Do you remember what was going on in the world when you were three years old? No, that was seven years ago, and quite too long for you to remember, isn't it? Anyone of you can remember, though, what happened just seven days ago, so you will be able to tell me what the lesson was last Sunday. Yes, it was about the taking of the city Jericho. That was the first step in the great series of battles that was necessary to conquer Canaan. Joshua was Israel's captain at that time. In our lesson to-day we are to study about an old friend of Joshua's, Caleb, (Recall here the story of the spies and Joshua's and Caleb's faithfulness on that occasion). But this lesson story occurred seven years after the fall of Jericho. Seven years since the Israelites crossed the Jordan. If Fred had been a little Israelite then he would have been carried across the bed of the river Jordan just a little baby three years old, and his father would have kissed him good-bye when he went off each morning to tramp round Jericho, and all the time since, for seven years, until Fred was ten years old, as he is now, his father would have kept going away to battle, and Fred would have been left behind at the camp. Perhaps Fred's father would have been killed, and perhaps when Fred was a little boy he would have been frightened at the noise of fighting, but by the time he was ten years old he would have been quite used to it, for seven years of war is a very long time. However, this was what God had told them to do, and God was always helping them and giving them the victory. There were still, however, a great many enemies to fight, and Caleb, Joshua's friend, came one day to Joshua to talk about it.

Recall God's promise to Caleb, and show how it was now being fulfilled.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The seven years that lie between the incidents of last Sunday's and to-day's lesson should be covered briefly. If possible to arrange it, have individual scholars ready to give the main points of each story in its order. These have been seven years of hard and continued work, and Caleb is not a young man. Young at heart, he is, however, and the grand old man comes to Joshua with no plea that he may be let off from further duty, rather he pleads for the honor of the hardest post. In these hills of Hebron live the fiercest giant tribes, the people who caused our fellow spies to doubt the wisdom of entering Canaan. I believed then that God could conquer them. I believe so still. Give me the right to prove my contention. In hill fortresses, the giant tribes; the old warrior has matched himself against the hardest problem Canaan held. But no, it is not his own strength that he trusts—he had 'wholly followed the Lord,' he pleads God's promise of that time and trusting in the Lord's presence again he fears no one, and no force in opposition. It is easy to imagine with what fervor the blessing of Joshua was given. It was a part full of honor on which Caleb could look and like the pure knight. Sir Galahad, his 'strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure.' It was another version of Paul's words, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S GUIDE.)

The Past will be recalled. Here is a vessel down in the deep waters of the sea, but not so far down that it can not be reached. Divers come in their peculiar dress, and down they go into the dark waters and explore the hold of the unfortunate ship. You stand there on the pontoon where the divers are working. Down goes the diver and you wait in almost breathless suspense. Presently the signal is given, and his colleague on the pontoon draws him up. Your flesh almost creeps as there come up from the mysterious depths below there, treasures that were sunken and buried in the hold of that vessel. But he does not always bring up treasures and things that are attractive. Sometimes he brings up things slimy and repulsive, things that shock and sicken you. So these memories of ours are divers and what they bring up out of that sunken vessel which we call our past will depend upon the kind of lives we have been leading. The divers will go down whether we want them to or not. The memories of life can not be kept sleeping always.—R. F. Coyle.

He who thinks wisely of the present and does well with the present thinks most wisely and does best with the future; for the future is but the unfolding of the present. The wise farmer spends very little time in meditating on his harvest at the time of seed-sowing; his whole concern is to get the seed under the ground under the best conditions, and to give it the best possible care. . . . The best preparation for the future, whether for work, calamity, trial or task, is to do thoroughly, bravely, and cheerfully those things which fall to our hand day by day.—Hamilton Wright Mabie, in 'Works and Days.'

The words 'faith' and 'faithfulness' seem different at first, as if the added syllables had changed the meaning of the original words. Faith is confidence in what can not now be seen. Faithfulness is constancy in the fulfilment of known duties. Yet what but faith in God —and faith in men—makes it possible for us to be faithful in our daily work for God and for men.—'Sunday School Times.'

No thoughtful man ever came to the end of his life, and had time and a little space of calm in which to look back, who did not know that it was what he had done unselfishly for others, and nothing else, that satisfied him in the retrospect, and made him feel that he had played the man.—Woodrow Wilson.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Caleb . . . the Kenezite, the descendant of Kenaz, the son of Esau. 'The probabilities are that Caleb, or his father, became members of the tribe of Judah by adoption' (Professor Beecher), like Hobab, Ruth, and Heber. 'The faith of this family was pre-minently the fruit of conviction, and not the accident of heredity. It had a firmer basis than that of most Israelites. It was woven more closely into the texture of their being, and swayed their lives more powerfully. It is pleasing to think that there may have been many such proselytes; that the promise to Abraham may have attracted souls from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south' (a foretaste of the glorious fulfilment yet to come).—Blaikie in 'Expositor's Bible.'

FAITH AND FAITHFULNESS were the living heart of Caleb's character. He was sincere to the core. His faith endured 45 years without fading or faltering. 'Caleb is one of those men whom we meet with seldom in Bible history, but whenever we do meet them we are the better for the meeting. Bright and brave, strong, modest, and cheerful, there is honesty in his face, courage and decision in the very pose of his body, and the calm confidence of faith in his very look and attitude. . . . That beautiful creation of Milton's, the Seraph Abdiel, "faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he," is the type and ideal of the class.' So Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednnego, Peter, Paul, and many a later Christian hero. With Paul he could say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith.'

'The old man of eighty-five is vigorous and hale as when he tramped through the land nearly half a century ago. The life that is dictated by Christian principle directly contributes to physical health and longevity. Insurance offices find that clergymen live longer than the average. In England some offices have separate tables for total abstainers, whom they insure at a lower rate than others. It is true still that sinners do 'not live out half their days.' In our great cities every year numbers of lads from the country, who have been 'going the pace,' have to drop out of the race. . . . If we would have old age vigorous, let us keep youth clean.'—Maclaren in the 'Sunday School Times.'

"This old veteran, whose services would have entitled him to almost any reward he might ask, did not seek for a soft place for his declining years, but for authority to do yet more hard fighting.'—Professor Beecher in 'Sunday School Times.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Prov. xvi., 31; Psa. xcii., 12; Gal. vi., 9; Psa. xxxvii., 37; Heb. vi., 12; Num. xiv., 24; Deut. i., 36; Matt. vi., 33; xxv., 29.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 27.—Topic—Foreign missions: The Kingdom of Christ in Europe. Acts xvi., 6-15.

C. E. Topic.

MISSIONS.

Monday, Oct. 21.—Isles of the heathen. Zeph. ii., 11.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Dwellers in the isles Ezek. xxxix., 6, 7.

Wednesday, Oct. 23.—God's word to the islands. Jer. xxxi., 10-12.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—God's power in the isles. Isa. xli., 1-5.

Friday, Oct. 25.—The nations that are saved. Rev. xxi., 24.

Saturday, Oct. 26.—All nations shall come. Rev. xv., 4.

Sunday, Oct. 27.—Topic—Missions in the islands of the Atlantic. Isa. xlii., 10.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Little Word Lost.

I lost a very little word
  Only the other day;
A very naughty little word
  I had not meant to say.
If only it was really lost,
  I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize
  For really losing it.

But then it wasn't really lost
  When from my lips it flew;
Mamma said that the worst would be
My little brother picked it up,
  And now he says it too.
  I could not get it back:
But the worst of it now seems to me
  I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa is grieved;
  Johnnie has said it twice;
Of course it is no use for me
  To tell him it's not nice.
When you lose other things, they're lost;
  But lose a naughty word,
And for every time 'twas heard before
  Now twenty times 'tis heard.

If it were only really lost,
  Oh, then, I should be glad;
I let it fall so carelessly
  The day that I got mad.
Lose other things, you never seem
  To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
  It's always coming back.

—Selected.

What One Girl Did.

One winter she found herself stranded hundreds of miles away from the large and busy church which had hitherto been the centre of her outside life, in a place that seemed to her almost like a desert—she and her young brother who was not a Christian. He had gone to that dreary settlement to look after his health and certain land claims, and she had gone to him there, because all her life she had been a caretaker, and this brother with his uncertain health and reckless ways had all his life been one of her cares.

Very early in this new experience came the question what was to be done with Sundays. There were neighbors within three and four and five miles of their cabin, pleasant people who were enduring hardships and privations without making much talk about them, and who were inclined to be neighborly and sympathetic. But there were no Christians among them, so far as my friend—whose name, by the way, was Rebecca, could learn.

They distinguished Sundays from other days by sleeping much later, and having better dinners, and going fishing or hunting, or calling on some neighbor. Rebecca and her brother had received a number of these friendly Sunday visitors, and entertained them with apples and ginger cakes. This, the brother had told Rebecca, was the custom of the neighborhood.

'But they don't get any such cakes as you make,' he had pleaded proudly, and was evidently pleased at the thought of giving his neighbors a treat.

But this was not Rebecca's idea of a good Sunday, and she thought long and earnestly over her problem. In fact, on the fourth Sunday in her new home she lay awake most of the night, trying to plan what could be done. She was a timid girl, alone in her longings for something better.

The astonishment on her brother's face when at last she hesitatingly spoke her thought beggars description.

'A Sunday school! Out here in the woods five miles from anywhere! What are you thinking about? To begin with, there aren't any children within ten miles of us, except the Snyder baby and Jim Kirk's half-witted boy; but, if there were, who would teach them, and who would lead off? There isn't a man within twenty miles of us who could do a thing of that kind, not that I ever heard of.'

Rebecca tried to explain. She did not mean a real Sunday school, with a superintendent and a good many teachers, but just a—well, a Bible class; they could all be in it, all the neighbors who could come. They could read a chapter together, and talk it over. 'It would be pleasanter than talking all the time about the claims of the driven wells and such things, wouldn't it?'

He seemed to grow more amazed with each word she spoke.

'Who would do the praying?' he asked. He thought they always had praying at such places.

Her cheeks were ablaze, and there was a suspicious quaver to her voice as she tried to answer. It was evident that Rob would do nothing but make fun over her. But she had begun, and must go on.

'I—I thought, Rob that I could repeat the Lord's Prayer, and some other Bible prayers, perhaps, if there was no one else.'

He did not laugh as she had expected; instead, he stared, a curious expression on his face.

'Well,' he said at last, 'I always knew you were a brick, but this beats all creation! Go ahead, though; I'll back you; I'm swamped if I won't! They'll like your ginger cakes, whether they do your praying or not.'

Rebecca had not meant to give them ginger cakes, but she instantly resolved that she would, if ginger cakes could help toward a better keeping of the Lord's day, surely they could never be better employed.

This was the way in which the work began, in weakness and trembling. The way it grew was almost bewildering. The neighbors came in on the first invitation. They were lonesome and some of them homesick, and were glad to go anywhere. Rebecca made the one living-room of the cabin as cheery as possible, and as cold came on, the big fireplace glowed. The people liked the singing, and joined in it lustily. Then discoveries were made. Two or three timid voices joined Rebecca's the first time she repeated the Lord's Prayer. On the next Sunday there were a dozen; and at its close Uncle Joe, the oldest and kindest resident in the region, said 'Amen' so heartily that Rebecca believed he knew how to pray. She got courage to accuse him of it, and he confessed that he used to pay 'out loud, sometimes, back East.' After a little he learned to pray 'out loud' again.

Then one Sunday Mother Bascom, ten miles away, heard of the strange doings at the new cabin, and came. Now Mother Bascom was more than seventy, and was a saint of God, with a homely shining face.

'Bless the Lord!' she said, grasping Rebecca's hand after the meeting. 'I knew he would send you, in his good time. I've been praying for you for years and years!'

This amused Rob, but it gave Rebecca courage. And Mother Bascom had never forgotten how to pray. What a help she was!

The ginger cakes helped, without doubt, and the nuts and apples, later, that Bob provided; and—O, I can not tell the story! there is neither space nor time. It is a true story, and there is a little church out there now, with forty members, and a flourishing Sunday school, in which Rebecca has a Bible class of young men and women. But the superintendent of the school is her brother Rob!—'C. E. World.'

The Story of Captain Kidd.

(S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour.')

This is not the story of the first Captain Kidd, the wicked pirate chief whose hidden gold so many foolish people have hunted along the coast, but it is the story of our Captain Kidd, the blackest, smartest crow that was ever tamed and made a pet of.

Dickie found him one morning in the spring, after a heavy storm, down at the foot of the big elm tree, and brought him up to the house, a roll of soaking wet feathers.

'What is it?' asked Polly, prodding a small finger at the bunch.

'It's a bird. Look out there, he'll peck you.' But Dickie didn't speak quick enough to save Polly's finger, for from out the bunch of wet feathers came a strong, sharp, little bill, and Polly sprang back wih a cry of pain.

But that was when the Captain first knew us, and when he was very much frightened. Afterward he never offered to peck us unless we teased him, which we sometimes did just to see him get angry.

We dried him, and made him a bed by the library fire and fed him, and after a day or two he seemed quite at home. He grew fast, too, and for fear that he would fly away before he was wholly tamed, Dickie clipped his wings a bit. He was black as the blackest coal possible, and glossy, like satin; and it seemed as if his sharp eyes took in everything which happened.

When the hired man began to make the garden the Captain was on hand and would follow him along the beds. If the Captain liked the looks of the new plants, he would promptly snip them up, and later when the nasturtiums were in full bloom he was very fond of snipping off the blossoms. He always took a yellow or crimson one, and acted as if he knew those colors were the most becoming to his glossy black back.

Some of the children who came to play with Polly and Dickie he was fond of, and Dickie he adored. He would sit with him for hours together, but one small girl who used to come he hated,—why we could never tell. She always wore buttoned boots, and he would spread out his wings and rush across the lawn toward her, fly at her boot buttons, and peck and scold in a perfect fury. The small girl, frightened almost to pieces, would drop down on the grass and cover her feet and begin to cry, while the Captain would stand on the grass a little way off and wait for her to move on. And there Dickie would often find them, and rescue her.

He was as tame about the house as a kitten, and often sat on the table while I was sewing, although if he took the notion he would take all the pins and needles out of the cushion, one at a time, and drop them on the floor. He liked the top of my dressing-table, and simply loved to look at himself in the glass. He was the vainest creature I ever knew, as well as the most mischievous.

Crows have one thing odd about their make-up and that is a crop which they can fill with corn which they eat, and hold it there, instead of having it pass on into their stomachs. This is so that in their wild state they can carry the food which they find back to their nest, even at a long distance. Dickie had taught the Captain to fill his crop with corn or blueberries, or even small pebbles, and then to put them out on the piazzo. It had taken lots of time to teach him, but it also made lots of fun when he showed him off to callers. It certainly was a funny sight to see that solemn black bird standing, his wings closely folded, with his beak putting one after another blueberry until he had a lot of rows of them on the piazza. The sight always called forth shouts of laughter from strangers, and it always seemed funny even to the family, and it almost seemed to us as if even the Captain enjoyed the joke of it. But this trick of his got him into trouble one day.

We lived some way out of the village, on the top of quite a high hill. One warm day in the summer the minister of the church walked out to the house to call upon mother. No one saw him coming, because we were all in the rear of the house, so no one ran to the door to let him in as we usually did. So, tired with his walk, he sat down a minute to rest before ringing the bell.

Now we had on the piazza an old-fashioned chair which had been grandmother's; it had a high back, and on the top of the back it spread out into a tiny shelf. It was into this chair that the minister dropped, only to fly out of it with a yell which brought us all running swiftly to find out who was hurt. He was just a little ashamed, when he found out what the matter was, that he had screamed so loud; but then, he was badly scared. It was only that Captain Kidd, who had been amusing himself with spreading out on the back of the chair on the little shelf a large array of small sharp pebbles, and when the minister sat down the motion of the chair threw the stones inside his collar and down his back. When we told him what the trouble was he was much amused and Dickie had to hunt up the Captain and make him do the trick for the amusement of the minister.

Poor Captain Kidd! his curiosity and his

greediness made an early end to him. The hired man had left Paris green, which he had been using on the potato plants, on a dish in the shed for just a few minutes. Of course it was a careless thing to do, but he left it only for a tiny while. But it happened to be just the time that the Captain was walking around the shed trying to find mischief. And he found it, and a lot of it. He ate quite a bit of the poison. Poor old bird, he was so very sick! Usually the Captain did not take very kindly to petting, but it was pitiful to see him when he was so sick; he wanted someone to hold him and smooth his feathers. We gave him an emetic, and tried our best to save him for with all his faults we loved the bird, but it was all in vain.

Dickie could not bear to part with him, so he had him stuffed and mounted, and though Dickie is now a big grown-up boy, Captain Kidd still stands black and glossy on his bookcase.

My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS:—

Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more to-day
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

The Violin Lesson.

'I can't do this horrid old lesson to-day,' cried Freddie, crossly, coming out of the bay window and throwing down his bow. 'Every time I get to that top note it screeches. Mamma, please can't I stop?'

Mamma looked out of the bay window. There, just as she supposed, were three of Freddie's friends, playing hop-scotch on the common.

'I heard a little boy promise his music teacher that he would practice one hour every day. Just as you please, though, Freddie. You may stop and go out to play if you want to.'

Freddie ran and skipped for his hat and coat, and when he came back into the sitting-room there stood mamma with a very odd look in her eyes, drawing the bow slowly across the strings.

'Why, what are you doing, mamma?' cried Freddie in astonishment.

'Keeping somebody's broken promise for him,' replied mamma, see-sawing busily.

'Oh, said Freddie. The hat and jacket came off again.

'You needn't do that, thank you, mamma,' he returned, taking the violin and tucking it under his chin.

'I am glad I needn't,' she laughed, 'for between you and me, Freddie, I am afraid it screeched very badly for mamma.'

'It is going to behave now,' twinkled Freddie.—'The Child's Hour.'

PASS A GOOD THING ON.

Dear friend—

If your Sunday School takes the "Northern Messenger" it already knows its value If not, we want to send a sufficient number free that each scholar may have a copy for several consecutive Sundays.

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Other People's Money.

Young people would do well to cultivate the very highest sense of honor in regard to money matters, and never, under any circumstances, use money not absolutely their own. It is hardly possible to be over-particular in this respect. The writer knows of a young man who is treasurer of the funds of a religious society. One evening when he was going home from church he found himself on the car without even the five cents required for his car fare. He had in his pocket several dollars in cash which he had received at the church for the society of which he is treasurer. To the average mind there would have been nothing wrong in the young man's taking five cents of the money in his possession and replacing it when he reached home. But he had such positive convictions regarding the matter, and was so determined never to use money not actually his own, that he left the car and walked two miles to his home rather than use for even a few minutes money that did not belong to him.

'I think that you were more particular than wise,' said a friend of the young man's.

'I do not feel that way about it,' was the reply. 'I have never used a cent that did not belong to me, and I am afraid that if I should do so once, I would find it easier to do it a second time, and still easier the third time, till it might finally become a habit that would get me into trouble.'

'That is a remote and contingent probability not at all likely to result from the using of five cents for a car fare,' said the friend, rather lightly.

'That may be true, but remote probabilities sometimes become realities with surprising rapidity, and it is safest and best to steer clear of them. I would have walked ten miles before I would have used the society's money for my car fare.'

Very different was the feeling and action of another treasurer, who, in this instance, happened to be a young girl of eighteen. She was treasurer of the money belonging to a girl's society engaged in Christian work. One day she and a friend were shopping together in the city. The young lady, who was treasurer, had spent all but a few cents of her money when she saw in a window some ribbon that she thought was a 'real bargain.'

'I want four or five yards of just such ribbon as that,' she said; 'I suppose it will all be gone before I come down town again, and I—oh, I have four or five dollars in my purse belonging to our society; I can take a dollar of it and put it back when I get my next allowance from Father; can't I?'

'I don't see why not,' said her companion.

And not only the ribbon, but one or two quite unnecessary articles to which the young lady took a fancy were purchased and paid for with money not her own.

The writer remembers that, about five years ago, he had charge of the tickets for a concert given for benevolent purposes. The tickets were distributed among a number of young people, who were to sell them, if possible. One young man took ten tickets and sold all of them, but at the end of three weeks, after the concert had taken place, he had failed to turn in the money received for the tickets. A polite note did not receive even the courtesy of a reply. Another week passed and he was spoken to about the matter.

'Well,' he said, 'I was a little short of money, the week I sold the tickets, and I used the money; but, of course, I'll return it. I'll hand it to you next week.'

The next week he paid one dollar of the five he had received for the tickets. Another month passed and he was again asked for the four dollars still due, whereupon he became very indignant, and wanted to know if we thought he was a thief. He closed a very angry tirade, by saying:

'I guess I've done enough for the society that gave that concert for it not to make any fuss, if I didn't return any of the money for those few tickets!'

This view of the matter evidently satisfied his conscience, for he never paid the remaining four dollars due, and a few months later he left the society under a cloud.

I was not greatly surprised to have a friend say to me, a few weeks ago:

'You remember that Will Blank, who used to be in our society?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I remember him very well.'

'Well, do you know that he was arrested, last week, for running away with over a thousand dollars he had collected for a firm he worked for? They say he'll go to the penitentiary for it.'

And that is where he did go. I dare say that he has as fellow-prisoners more than one convict who can trace his downward career back to the hour when he began to have loose ideas about money that did not belong to him.

On the whole, I think that the young man who walked home late at night rather than use five cents of the money that did not belong to him, chose a wise and safe course. It was a course which, if staunchly adhered to all his life, will keep him so strictly honest that no shame nor sorrow can ever come to him through the wrong use of money.

It would be well for every boy or girl who may read this to resolve right now never to use in any way, for any length of time, a penny belonging to others. Such a resolution adhered to through life may save you great sorrow and shame.—'Wellspring.'

Saved by a Girl.

It hardly seems possible that a girl of sixteen should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death, and yet that is what Grace Bussell did. She is often called 'the Grace Darling of Australia,' and when you have heard her story, I am sure you will say she deserves the name.

Grace lived with her parents in Western Australia, and as her father was one of the first settlers near the Swan River, she used to help him in many ways. She would ride twenty miles a day with the cattle, and was as much at home in the saddle as she was in the kitchen.

Before you can quite understand what a wonderful work this girl did one day, you must remember that, twenty years ago, the towns in new settlements in Australia were very far apart, and that people had often to ride for miles to call on their next-door neighbor.

Now, it happened one day in December, 1876, that a vessel was wrecked off the coast, about eight miles from the Bussell's house. The steamboat sprang a leak, and not being too far from land, the captain tried to steer her in. But it was of no avail; she ran aground, and there she stayed, with the water gradually flowing into her.

The lifeboat which was on board the steamer was lowered, but it leaked too, and was so difficult to manage that eight people who had ventured in it were drowned. So the rest of the crew clung to the steamer, and wondered whether they could ever be saved. The surf ran so wildly that no one could dare to try to swim through it, and there was not a house or person in sight.

But help was near, though they knew it not. The girl of sixteen was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel in distress, and, turning her horse's head towards the coast, she started at a quick gallop. When she reached the sea, she urged her horse into the angry surf. What did she care though she got wet to the skin and her face tingled with the blinding spray?

She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With much difficulty she took some of the children in her arms, and put them before her on the saddle; then, with women and bigger children clinging to her dress, she started for the shore, gave those whom she had rescued into the care of the native, and returned once more to the wreck. So she went backwards and forwards for four hours, till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden to bring out the last man.

Tired and wet as the girl was, she had still something more to do. Those forty-eight people whom she had rescued must have food and protection of some sort before night came on. So Grace rode home for help; but by the time she had gone the eight miles she was so worn out herself that she fainted, and was some time before she could tell what had happened. Her married sister started off at once with food and wraps for the shipwrecked people, and the next day they were all taken to Mr. Bussell's house.

You will agree with me that Grace well deserved the medal of the Royal Humane Society, which was presented to her on January 8, 1878.—'Friendly Greetings.'

What God Gives a Boy.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird, tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger print in flower and snowflake.—'Household.'

The Alliance War Song.

(J. W. Meaden, in the 'National Advocate.')

Tune—'Austria.'

We are fighting for the freedom
  Of our land from Drink's dread chain,
For the cleansing of our banner
  From its dark, degrading stain.
And our God Himself shall lead us
  Till our times of warfare cease,
And the day of Prohibition
  Ushers in the reign of Peace.

There are anxious eyes now watching
  For the dawning of that day;
There are weary souls now waiting,
  There are trembling lips that pray;
There are weak ones heavy laden
  With the drunkard's load of pain;
There are fond hearts sadly mourning
  O'er the dear ones Drink has slain.

'Tis our hope to raise the fallen,
  'Tis joy the weak to save,
We would shield the frail and tempted
  From the drunkard's hopeless grave;
And our eyes are on the future,
  On the brighter days to be,
For a sober, godly nation
  In a land from Drink set free.

Gather, gather round our standard
  All who love this Western Land,
Who would have it in the forefront
  Of the World's greatest Nations stand!
Gather, gather round our standard!
  Thus in Freedom's name we call,
That our Land may find redemption
  From the Drink-fiend's fatal thrall.

Trite But True.

The poorly-clad woman whom you found watching by the trundle-bed answered your inquiry about the sick boy, with a story which sounded familiar, because you have heard its counterpart many and many a time. 'Tommy was crazy to go to school. He thought if he could get a little education he might help support sissy and baby and me. He knew he never would be strong enough to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him going. I can't ever forget how the little fellow looked,' she continued, the tears streaming down her face. 'His patched up clothes, his old shoes, his ragged cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned round to me as he left the yard, and said, "Don't you worry, mother; I ain't going to mind what the boys say." But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it was broken over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but Oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer!' Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly, and stole a thin little arm round her mother's neck. 'Don't cry, mother,' she whispered, 'don't cry.'

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness she continued:

'Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him that his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy. And the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd 'a been sick, any way. But, Oh, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!' she cried. 'How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?'

A little voice spoke from the bed. You turn to listen. There he lay, poor, little, defenceless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds!

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said:

'Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking.' Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered: 'I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And, maybe, if I'm right there where God is, I can keep reminding him of mother, and he'll make it easier for her.'

He turned his head feebly upon his pillow, and said, in a lower tone: 'Some day—they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then.' Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Moderate Drinking.

Professor Sims Woodhead, in a recent speech, said he wished to put right the impression that doctors believed that moderate drinking—whatever that might be—was conducive to health under any circumstances. They knew well enough that it was very difficult to determine what a moderate quantity of alcohol was, and a great many earnest and energetic workers were at the present time trying to find out what was the minimum amount of alcohol which could be taken with safety. There were a great many opinions on the subject, and all kinds of quantities were mentioned. He maintained that until that question was settled they would be exceedingly foolish, holding as they did that alcohol was a narcotic poison, to take any at all. What was the good of saying that a moderate amount did one no harm when it was impossible to tell what a moderate amount was?

Not long ago 'The Lancet,' which was sympathetically inclined to them on the question of alcohol—it was not always so—stated that alcohol might be looked upon as one of the great factors inducing various degenerative changes in the human body. He could tell them frankly that, after studying the question for thirty years or more, he was more satisfied than ever that if alcohol could only be got rid of, that degeneration, that early decay, could be forced back ten years in the life of every individual in this country. They might say that was a strange statement to make, but he believed he was rather under stating than overstating the matter.

Some children were born into the world forty years of age to begin with. The average life of the drunkard's child was very short indeed, and the child of the moderate drinker was handicapped in its struggle for existence.

He once heard a preacher say that he thanked God for 'General' Booth, who could hope for the reclamation of those submerged in sin and poverty and misery; he thanked God for those men who had seen that if only they could get rid of that tremendous factor in the degeneration of the nation, alcohol, the nation could be raised to be stronger, better, purer, and nobler.

If we could only get rid of the alcohol question, a great many of the social questions with which we were at present dealing would become enormously easier. The medical side of the question for the working men was that men could work better with either their hands or their brains, and with greater satisfaction to themselves, if they refrained from taking alcohol. That being so, why did they not rise in their might and get rid of alcohol entirely? He wished that the public health committees and the medical officers of health, who were now doing good, would do still more in helping to bring home to the public conscience what was being done by alcohol. If this were done, there would be a crusade against it in all its aspects.—'Temperance League.'

Stop the Best Saloons.

Probably you would say, break up all these filthy and low haunts, all these places where the habitually intemperate, the degraded, the wretchedly poor congregate, and let these beverages be sold only in respectable places and to respectable people! But is this really the best plan? On the contrary, it seems quite reasonable to maintain that it is better to sell to the intemperate than the sober, to the degraded than to the respectable, for the same reason it is better to burn up the old hulk than to set fire to a new and splendid ship. I think it worse to put the first glass to a young man's lips than to crown with madness an old drunkard's life-long alienation—worse to wake the fierce appetite in the depths of a generous and promising nature than to take the carrion of a man, a mere shell of imbecility, and to soak it in a fresh debauch. Therefore, if I were going to say where the licenses should be granted in order to show its efficacy, I would say: Take the worst sinks of intemperance in the city, give them the sanction of the law, and let them run to overflowing. But shut up the gilded apartment where youth takes its first draught, and respectability just begins to falter from its level.—Dr. E. H. Chaplin.

How About You?

It matters little, dear young man, where your
  grandsires were born.
Or if your great-great-grandfather read law or
  planted corn;
Nor does it matter much to-day what your
  grandmothers knew,
But what the world desires to know is—What
  is there in you?

Your father's uncle may, perhaps, have 'neath
  Napoleon
For deeds of valor in the field enduring honors
  won;
Some of your mother's ancestors may have
  pierced Caesar through,
But what the world asks now, young man, is
  —How much can you do?

Perhaps some of your ancestors, with sabre or
  with gun,
Helped rout the English forces from the plains
  of Lexington.
Or else, perchance, at Bunker Hill, their swords
  with valor drew,
But what the world to-day demands is service
  good of you.

Your mother's uncle may have been a soldier
  brave and great
Have made some great discovery or colonized
  a state,
Or with the thousands that he made some college have endowed,
But what, young man, have you e'er done of
  which the world feels proud?

There is no harm for you, young man, your
  lineage to trace
Back to some mighty giant mind, whose deeds
  have blessed the race,
But let me whisper this to you in a soft under-tone,
If you a laurel wreath would wear, weave for
  yourself your own!—

—Selected.

Good Advice.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, a noted Irish politician and brilliant writer, closes an article in the 'Royal Magazine' with this good advice, to which we wish every young man would give heed:

'And let me whisper this word finally in your ear. It won't do you the least harm if you are a teetotaler. You may lose something, but you gain tenfold. I believe in half a century from now no man will rise to the height of any profession, in the field, in the forum or at the desk, who is not a teetotaler.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Little Book of G. I's.

(Bertha Gerneux Woods.)

'I never saw anybody like you for invariably doing the nice, thoughtful thing, Alice!' Marcia spoke with loving admiration. 'You always seem to remember the old people's birthdays, and you never forget who has been sick or out of town. Now I always mean to do things like that myself, but I am so forgetful and I'm constantly making little breaks. I just came up on the car with Milly Brown. I used to know her quite well, and she has always seemed to think a good deal of me. Well, she's just back from Ohio. I suppose it's the first long trip she ever took in her life. She told me months ago she was going, and she seemed so full of it and happy—I felt sorry this morning that I had so completely forgotten it. She told me she had been back a week, and I blundered into saying: "Oh! have you been away?" 'And then I showed so completely that I'd forgotten all about it, I know she felt disappointed, and disconcerted, too. You could see some of the enthusiasm die out of her face, and she flushed. I wish I had your memory, Alice!'

'I'm afraid you overrate me, dear,' Alice said, smilingly. 'I forget often, too. But I'll let you into a state secret—I help my memory out by keeping a little note-book.'

'Yes, and I call it her little book of G. I.'s. (Good Impulses),' chimed in Alice's sister, Margaret. 'She is always making a memorandum of some one who needs something or other that she can give. I imagine she has a happiness page, and a misery page, and oh, dear! I don't know how many other pages.'

'Alice accepted the impeachment with a smile.

'Well, it really is the greatest help,' she said, 'if your memory is at all inclined to be treacherous, to make yourself remember by jutting down a few words in your note-book. For instance, there was the dearest old lady, yesterday, telling me how she always dreads a certain anniversary, and how lonely it makes her feel. She merely happened to speak of it, and it would have been pretty sure to slip out of my mind if I hadn't put the date down in my note-book as soon as I had the chance. Now it will be an easy thing to send her a little note or a flower, or possibly run in to see her on that afternoon. Oh, dear! no, that isn't anything. You are both just as full of such good impulses yourselves.'

'I believe I'll try it,' said Marcia. 'Isn't it a good thing the coats have such respectable pockets in them this year? I have a little memorandum book down in the depths

The Baby's Side of the Story.

(By Annie Douglas Bell, in 'Our Little One's Annual.')

A swimming in the bathtub,
Oh yes, it's lots of fun,
And I'm the jolliest baby
That's living under the sun.

The children come a visiting
And make a dreadful din:
"Just see his funny little nose;
This dimple in his chin."

Off come my dainty little boots,
The pink-tipp'd toes to see,
And when I twist them in and out,
They laugh and shout with glee.

They roll me up in a blanket
And toss me like a ball;
I sometimes think I had rather
They would not come at all.

And if I scowl and crook my face
They think it only fun!
Then hug and kiss me all the more;
I'd like to make them run.

I'm often cross, and naughty too;
But then, who would not be?
This world has a lot of troubles
For a little boy like me.

Then mother folds me in her arms,
And sings her sweetest lay;
So that's the very happiest time
Of all the livelong day.

If I am the jolliest baby
Amid this shade and shine,
My mother is the dearest mother,
If only 'cause she is mine.

of mine this minute—one I got for shopping. I'll have to reserve a few pages for "good impulses" too —for really I do have my share of them, only they're such flyaway things in my case, not much comes of most of them.'

It was on her way home from Alice's that Marcia happened to overhear Aunt Barbie Jones, who was 'aunt' to all the young girls of her acquaintance. She was standing in front of the florist's window and looked up with an illuminating smile. 'Aren't those fern-balls the most curious things you ever see?' she asked. 'I've been taking a sight of interest in 'em ever since they first hung 'em up there—hard little brown balls, looking as dreary as a last year's bird's nest. And just see how some of 'em are sprouting! Look at that one that they've shaped like a monkey. There's just a little mite of green beginning in it. Whenever I come down to do my trading I always walk round to this corner to see how the fern-balls are coming out. Nice, ain't it, how they trim up the windows so a body can have the pleasure of seeing all the pretty things?'

Aunt Barbie's cashmere gloves were sadly frayed and her bonnet of the variety known as 'rusty,' but the wrinkled face was sweetly content. The monkey-shaped fern-ball was marked at an absurdly low figure, but even so, Marcia knew how far it was beyond the slim little pocket-book in Aunt Barbie's hand. 'I believe I'll get it for her next week when I have my allowance,' Marcia thought to herself. 'It can't do so very much "sprouting" before that time, and it will be a delight to her for weeks.'

It was a sweet impulse, and a characteristic one, but probably it would not have borne fruit nor the monkey have developed his peculiar charms in Aunt Barbie's room, if Marcia had not made an entry in her note-book as soon as she had bade her friend good-by.

She had hardly gone a square further before Mr. Babbitt, the president of their Young People's Society, overtook her.

'I have been trying to work up a little interest in the meetings at the mission,' he said rather abruptly, as he shortened his steps to suit Marcia's. 'But it is uphill work. Every one seems to be busy with other things. If we could only get some more help in the music—people who can sing—it would help out wonderfully.'

'I certainly can't do much in that line,' said Marcia, hastily. 'My voice is too weak.'

'Oh, but every one helps,' he assured her, rather eagerly. 'I wish you would come out to the meetings when you can, and perhaps you could interest some of the other members to come with you.'

'Well, I really have a good many things on my hands,' Marcia said, 'but I'll try to come down some evening.'

It was a vague promise. Perhaps Mr. Babbitt had heard Marcia make it before, for his face did not light up very decidedly. But suddenly Marcia's did.

'I'll make a note of it,' she said, with a laugh, 'like Captain Cuttle. Then I'll be sure to remember. I've kept forgetting the evening before, or I've let other things crowd it out. But I'll be there next Wednesday if I possibly can, and I think I can get some of the others to come too.'

'Good!' said Mr. Babbitt, and this time there was a decided relief in his voice.

'Mamma,' Marcia said that evening, 'I've set up a little book of G. I.'s. At least, that's what Margaret calls Alice's, and I believe it's a good thing, or will be, if I live up to it.'

'What are G. I.'s.?' asked her mother, wonderingly; but she smiled her approval when Marcia explained.—'Zion's Herald.'

A Transformed Picnic.

(By Gina H. Fairlie, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Yes, it's her hat,' whispered Betty excitedly.

'Her pansy hat'—added Fan.

'And her purply dress,' said little Jo.

And then they all gave a delighted hop, skip, and a jump, just because Miss Pauline Day was coming toward them through the park, with a book under one arm and a box under the other. She had fluffy hair that looked as if the sunlight itself had been caught and tangled up in it, and two deep, deep dimples that played hide-and-seek in her cheeks, and she always seemed so glad to see them.

'Why, halloo!' she cried now, and her dimples dimpled more than ever at the sight of the three small girls and their baskets. 'Where are you going, my three pretty maids?'

'We're going a-picnicing, please,' Jo said, and then they all laughed.

'And may I go with you, my three pretty maids?' went on Miss Pauline Day.

The three looked at each other. She was so dear and sweet, and told such splendid stories, they would have loved to ask her to their picnic, but—

'It's only a pretend picnic now,' began Fan regretfully. 'We gave our real lunch away to an old—'

'Fan,' whispered Betty close behind her, 'remember about mother telling us not to let our left hand know about the things our right hand did.'

'Isn't this lucky—' broke in Miss Pauline Day, as if she hadn't heard. 'I made up lunch for brother Jim and myself—quite enough for three or four—boys eat so much, you know, and after we started he had to go back, so I was just hoping and hoping that I would meet someone who would help me to eat up his share. Now, isn't it lucky that I happened to meet you?'

And they all agreed that it was —especially when the picnic began. For in Miss Pauline Day's box were dear little sandwiches with green lettuce peeping out at the sides, and puffy biscuits, and squares of cake with nutty frosting on top, and tarts with jam on them that melted most deliciously in your mouth, and two oranges that cut into four such big pieces that they each felt that they had had two whole ones instead of only a half.

And they sat under the trees in the park and ate and ate, and feasted their eyes besides, on the flowers and Miss Pauline's face, and listened to the fountain tinkling and splashing, and to all the wonderful stories she told them.

And when the sun dipped down below the tree tops, Betty and Fan and Jo said 'Good-by,' and 'Thank you,' all together, and trotted off home again with their big market basket.

'I'm so glad we gave our lunch away to that poor old tramp,' sighed little Jo, blissfully. 'He had a picnic, and we had one too. M-m-m! Wasn't ours good though! And then they all thought of Miss Pauline Day, and the puffy biscuits, and the frosted cake, and the big, big oranges.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is October, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Correspondence

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' although I have been getting it for four years. I go to the Baptist Sunday school. We have a new minister, and I think he is very nice. I am eleven years old, and am in the Third Reader. We have a very large school of eight rooms here. My father is away all week, but comes home every Saturday night; he works at Barriedale. I have two sisters and two brothers. I had four sisters, but two died last summer. I have a baby brother who will be one month old in October.

HERBERT PHILLIPS.

S., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and have taken it for a long time. The first page I turn to is the 'Little Folks' Page,' and then the 'Correspondence Page.' I go to school, and like it very well. This school is just a country school, but there are about twenty scholars going now, and some come four and a half, and five miles. It is quite a journey in cold weather, but they come all the same. Last Saturday was my birthday. I was fourteen years old. I got quite a lot of presents. I have a pony, which I ride and drive; her name is Maude. I also have a two-year-colt, which I ride sometimes. His name is 'Prince John,' but I call him Prince for short. He is a racehorse, and can race, too. I also have a two-year-old heifer, but she is rather wild, so I can't pet her much, as she won't let me near her. I have five hens and a canary named Charlie. I am making a collection of postcards, and have about one hundred and twenty-five, also some leather cards.

IVA BLANCHARD.

G. S., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—My mother and father are dead, and I have been living with my aunt the past seven years. I have two brothers older than I; one stays with my grandpa, the other with one of our cousins. I have no sisters. We live quite near the track. This is not a very big place. There is one saw mill and a blacksmith shop, and we keep a store. The chief occupation of most men around here is lumbering and farming. I go to the High School of Bury, and am going to take up third model when school starts again. I will close now, for fear of taking up too much room from the other correspondents, but as this was my first letter to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write quite a long one. Am I not quite right?

SUSIE F. SUITOR.

[Certainly, Susie, we always like long letters, but yours is not so very long. Your riddles have been asked before.—Ed.]

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you what our town is like. It has quite a few houses in it, and it is a very healthy little place. There are woollen mills, and there used to be a grist mill, but there is none now. There is a cheese factory, and a post office and store. There have been quite a few letters written from here. I am living with my grandmother this summer. We came to her place for a visit, but my mother took sick, and she has been sleeping in a tent since the spring. My father has been in Winnipeg, all the time, but he is coming home any day now.

WILFRID S. BELLAMY.

P. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pretty little hamlet surrounded by a very fertile farming district. It is also a very pleasant place in summer. It is a long hollow about two miles long, with hills on all sides. It is about one quarter of a mile wide. I think there was a lake in this hollow some time, as there is a little creek flowing through. At one end there is a cheese factory, post office, store, blacksmith shop, church and schoolhouse.

ROSS KILBORN.

L., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I have one sister and four brothers. I live on a farm and have a very short way to go to school. I like going very much. We have never had a cross teacher yet. Every vacation I go down to grandma's for a week. Grandma lives near the sea, and I always have a lovely time. Our house is near a creek, and some mornings the tide flows over the creek bridge. We have had lots of rain this summer, and plenty of thunder and lightning. I have a great-uncle living near us, and he comes over to see us often. As my letter is getting too long, I will close with a few riddles:

1. Why is a railway car like a blanket?
2. What bird lifts the heaviest weight?
3. How can a killed pig be brought to life again?
4. How much wood would a wood chuck chuck if a wood chuck could chuck wood?

ELVA E. TAYLOR.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The beautiful summer days are over now, but I suppose that when winter really comes we shall have nearly as much fun as we did in summer. Five places I would like to visit in Canada are Toronto, Niagara, Hamilton, Ottawa and Claremont, because my grandmother lives there. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I get it at Sunday School. The answer to Stewart McCutcheon's riddle (Aug. 23), is: The soldier faces the powder, and a woman powders the face. To Gordon Tomlinson's riddle (Aug. 23), A heroine. I guess I am rather late with my answers. I think our Correspondence Page is very interesting.

LILIAN GIBSON.

B., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in the town of B., but am at present visiting my cousin. Between boating and bathing we spend a very pleasant summer here. I have one sister and two brothers. I am eight years old, and I go to school every day. The answer to Florence Ferguson's riddle (Sept. 13), is Chicago.

LOU POODLE.

B., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about a mile from the town of B., along the shores of the Bras d'Or Lake. I go to school every day, and am in the 6th grade. We have four Maltese cats, and my cousin is just crazy about 'pussies.' I am also very fond of them.

MADGE CROW (age 10 years).

P. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I wrote to the 'Messenger,' or sent any drawings, so I will start again. I go to school every day, and like my teacher. I have a little brother who dislikes school, but as he grows older I hope he will like it more. Our maple trees are beginning to turn very pretty colors. It reminds us that Jack Frost is on the road somewhere. I read the letters in the 'Messenger,' and find them very interesting. I think I will get some subscribers.

ALICE M. MEHLMAN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A House.' Lela S. Acorn (aged 13), M., V., P.E.I.
2. 'Pond Lillies. Nora Sveinson (aged 10), B., Man.
3. 'A Little Girl and Her Chicken.' Edna Gardner (aged 12), B C., Ont.
4. 'A Ship.' Herbert Phillips, H., Ont.
5. 'Having Lots of Fun.' Mildred Weight (aged 12), H., Ont.
6. 'Sally.' Madge Crow (aged 10), B., C.B.
7. 'Schooner Mona.' H. H. Reid (aged 9), P. H., N.S.
8. 'A Race Round the Pasture.' Grace Philip (aged 12), B.C., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Edna Gardner, B.C., Ont., is going to exhibit some drawings at the fair. You ought to take a good place if your drawing to-day is a sample, Edna. Your riddle has been asked before.

Nora Sveinson, B., Man., has two miles to go to school, and can't go in the winter. How do you manage, Nora, do you study at home?

E. Elva Kirkpatrick, D., N.B., writes that one of their horses died this summer. That's too bad, horses are such splendid fellows, aren't they? Your riddle has been asked before, Elva.

Lela S. Acorn, M.V., P.E.I., sends several riddles, but they have been already asked. Sorry about the address, Lela, it has been seen to. Lela gives the answers to two riddles: Gwendoline F. Morris's first one (Sept 6)—Because he likes to have his cause heard, and 'Young Toronto's (Sept. 6)—Longfellow. 'A Scotch Lassie' wants to know how to prepare a story to be published. Write only on one side of your paper, and certainly you should write in ink. Were those your only questions, little lassie, or were there other difficulties?

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HOUSEHOLD.

'Best of All.'

(Mrs. Helen Combes, in the New York 'Observer.')

I have none of this world's riches,
  Naught of gems or gold in store,
Small my meed of fame and favor,
  Yet let no one call me poor;
For I'm richer than the richest,
  When I hear a sweet voice call,
'Do you love me, dearly mamma?
  For I love you, best of all.'

Though old friends may disappoint me,
  Till I mourn their lack of love,
Though the idols I have cherished,
  May at last unworthy prove,
Yet I cannot be discouraged,
  Nor my faith in Heaven let fall,
While I hear, 'I love you, mamma,
  Yes, I love you, best of all.'

There's a brightness in the sunshine,
  Childless hearts cannot discern;
There's a tranquil joy in living,
  Only mother love can learn.
There's a balm for every sorrow,
  While the baby lips enthrall,
With their sweet, 'I love you, mamma,
  Yes, I love you, best of all.'

The Boy Who Wouldn't.

'I hope you quite understand, Michael,' said Miss Perry, as the last boy but one filed down the stairway, 'that it is you who are keeping yourself behind the others to-night. I do not ask a boy to tell me he is sorry when he is not; but I can't let him go without answering me at all, for that's not gentlemanly.'

She paused for a response; but the hard lines about the eyes before her only deepened, and the square little mouth shut more firmly, as though afraid a word might escape in spite of itself.

'Poor little lad!' sighed Miss Perry, as she turned to correct the papers before her,' he wants to give in, but he simply can't.'

Ten, fifteen minutes passed. The clock ticked with a sturdy determination to make itself heard, as it had never ticked before. The papers were nearly finished, and Miss Perry glanced at the forlorn little figure before her. 'How can I help him?' thought she.

'Michael,' she continued, sweetly, after a moment's pause, 'if you are quite determined or staying, I believe I shall tell you a story.'

The little mouth opened wide for a moment in astonishment, and then, fearful that this might be but a trap set to catch it, closed again wih a resolute snap.

'Once upon a time,' continued Miss Perry, amiably, 'there lived a wise king, who, as he was getting old, wanted to give up the cares of government to his son. So he called the young prince to him and said: "My boy, I have had you carefully taught in the laws of the land, in the languages, sciences, and the rules of military and civil government, but there is still one lesson that you must learn before I can trust my kingdom in your care." Then his son, who was a very good young prince, replied: "Very well, father; only tell me this new lesson, and I am quite ready to learn it." But the king answered: "Alas! my boy, that I cannot do; for, if you were told it every day for a lifetime, it would still be unlearned, whereas, once you have found it out for yourself, you will know it by heart."

'The young prince went away much puzzled, and said to himself: "How shall I ever find out this curious lesson?" Finally he decided to obtain from his father the position of commander-in-chief of all the army; for he thought, "If I am able to command a great army, then, surely, I can govern a kingdom." But the old generals, who had been in many wars, said: "The country will go to ruin in the hands of this proud, foolish prince."

'At first all went well, for it was a time of peace; but one day came news of an advancing enemy, and all the country's forces were called out to meet and repel the invasion. After a number of battles, in which the prince's troops were defeated, their position became quite desperate. You see it was like this.' Here Miss Perry's fingers began to mark out on the desk before her a plan of the situation; and Michael's eyes, from which all the hard lines had vanished, followed her movements intently.

'Here were the enemy's forces, and here in the midst of them was the Prince's army. Their only hope lay in passing at midnight by a certain path right through the enemy's lines, and in turn surrounding them. Then one of the old generals, who had been in many wars, and who knew all that part of the country perfectly, came to the Prince and begged him to give up the command, that in so difficult an undertaking the army might be guided by one who know the situation perfectly, for the least mistake would be fatal; but the Prince answered him angrily, and drove him from his presence. This was the very opportunity he had been longing for, and certainly he would not give it up to another. Once let him achieve so brilliant an exploit, then the glory of his name would be on every tongue, and his father would at last believe him able to govern a kingdom wisely. Down in the depths of his heart he knew the old general was right. But, oh, he couldn't—he couldn't give up his own way.

'For hours he walked the floor of his tent, fighting a battle with himself; and, at length, just before midnight, he went to the general, and said: "Lead the army as you will, and I will follow with the rest; for you know better than I." So the brilliant move was made, the enemy was defeated, and the next day all the country rang with the news of the old general's praises. But now I wonder,' said Miss Perry, thoughtfully gazing into space, 'who really won that victory.'

'I think the prince did,' said Michael.

'And so thought his father,' continued Miss Perry; 'for, when the army returned, the prince sought the old king's presence, and said: "Father, I have failed. I had hoped by a wise command of the army to show myself worthy to take your place; but there were others who knew better than I; and I gave up my will to theirs." Then the king cried joyfully: "My son, that is the very lesson I sent you forth to learn; for no man is fit to command until he has first learned to obey, and, in overcoming self, you have won a greater victory than in conquering a hostile army."'

Miss Perry paused, and, the tale being ended, applied herself once more to the task of correcting papers. As she lifted the last one, a penitent little figure stood before her.

'Miss Perry——'

'Yes, Michael,' encouragingly.

'Miss Perry, I'm sorry I was a bad boy today; and please will you forgive me?'—'Christian Globe.'

Cheer Up.

Cheer up! The world is taking your photograph. Look pleasant. Of course you have your troubles; a whole lot of things bother you, of course. You find life a rugged road whose stones hurt your feet. Nevertheless, cheer up.

It may be your real disease is selfishness—ingrown selfishness. Your life is too self-centred. You imagine your tribulations are worse than others bear. You feel sorry for yourself—the meanest sort nof pity. Rid yourself of that and cheer up.

What right have you to carry a picture of your woe-begone face and funereal ways about among your fellows who have troubles of their own? If you must whine or sulk or scowl, take a car and go to the woods or to the unfrequented lanes.

Cheer up! Your ills are largely imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bankruptcy, or if there were no thoroughfare through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth and make the best of it.

Cheer up! You are making a hypothetical case out of your troubles and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict. You are borrowing trouble and paying a high rate of interest.

Cheer up! Why, in a ten-minute walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are digging your own grave, and playing pall-bearer into the bargain. Man alive, you must do your work! Smile, even though it be through your tears, which speedily dry. And cheer up!—'Young Folks.'

The Second Maid.

The long room was very dark, the shades had been drawn, excluding the sun; but one slender ray of light penetrated the gloom and fell on the bowed head of a lady who sat in one corner wrapped in a gloom like midnight. She resented the presence of that solitary ray and tried to shut it out, but in vain. No matter how she had closed the blinds and pulled the curtains, the little golden ray still crept in, significant of the great golden morning that was glorifying the world beyond her doors.

In the far end of the room there was an object that spoke of heartbreak and loss. A casket covered with a pall of violets stood there and in it lay the form of the woman's only daughter and last remaining child. When to-morrow, after the funeral, Lilias should be placed in the grave that was hollowed beside those of her father and brothers, there would be no one left to Mrs. Malcomb in the world, no one, that is, of her own flesh and blood. Lilias had been precious to her as the apple of her eye, and after a brief illness, she had gone away.

The mother mourned, in a still, stony despair. She had seen no one, had refused to eat or sleep, and no one in the large house had dared to approach her since Lilias had died. In the kitchen they spoke in whispers. 'It seems strange,' said the cook, 'that a lady like Mrs. Malcomb has no kith and kin to come to her. If somebody does not get her to take some rest, poor lady, she will die, too.'

'Well,' said the cook's niece, who had dropped in for a half hour of chat, 'that is what Mrs. Malcomb wants. From what you say, I think she is trying to follow Miss Lilias as soon as she can.'

The second maid, a tall, pale girl, who had waited on Lilias and had dearly loved her, stood by in silence. Her eyes were red with weeping; she felt as if she had lost a sister. She watched her opportunity, and, after a while, went softly away, that she might look once more into the face she had adored. Lilias Malcomb had been her friend, and many a time had given her wise counsel and helped her over hard places. They were of the same age, and Norah knew that in Lilias she had lost one who would have stood by her in any time of need. She opened the door of the drawing-room very softly, and glanced within. She did not see the mother in the shadow, and thought that no one was there. Softly closing the door, she walked across the thick carpet, making no sound, and knelt beside the casket. From under her apron she drew

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a white rose and placed it a little out of sight, but where it touched the clasped fingers of the sleeper. Silently kneeling there, her tears fell. Suddenly she exclaimed aloud, 'Oh, Miss Lilias, you are one of God's saints now, but why did you go away and leave me in this lonesome world with no one to love?'

The lady in the corner heard the words, and the sigh and the sob. She rose from her chair, came forward, knelt beside her child's coffin, and put her arms around Norah. To her, in her pride, Norah McGrath to this moment had been nobody but the second maid, a machine that did her bidding and helped in the smooth running of a well ordered household. But a common grief had brought them close together. The empty heart of the mother, a heart that had been frozen into apathy and numbness, stirred from its torpor. She had turned from human sympathy but suddenly the knowledge that some one else was grieving too, grieving as she did for a personal loss, brought her comfort.

'You loved her, Norah,' she said. Yesterday the girl would have been afraid to speak to her employer, so rigidly had caste lines been drawn between them. To-day she felt no fear. The common sorrow drew them very near together.

'I had no one else to love,' said Norah.

'Nor had I,' said the mother. 'My child, we will love one another.'

Thus it came to pass that from the hour that saw Lilias Malcomb pass away, a new life began in that home. The mother, so long indifferent to the want about her, the want of sympathy, of love, of compassion, began to look for those whose need was great, and to relieve them. She learned in the days that followed to understand that money is not the only thing to give, and that the gift without the giver is bare. Norah told her how she had been tempted and saved by Lilias' gentle and strong counsel at a time when she might have made a great mistake. Gradually cheerfulness returned to the house that had been so dark. After the funeral, at first, Mrs. Malcomb could not bear the light, but she yielded to the persuasions of the humble friend who had been dear to Lilias. 'She would have asked you to do this or to go there,' said Norah, and Mrs. Malcomb yielded and suffered herself to be drawn again into cheerful living. The ministry of comfort came to her from the world beyond, and perhaps from the spirit of the dear one gone, but the human instrument was Norah McGrath.—'Christian Herald.'

Selected Recipe.

TWICE COOKED FISH.—Any cooked fish will do for making tasty little fish cakes or balls. Take the fish and carefully remove any bones or skin from it; then mix it well with cold potatoes, flavor it with salt, pepper, cayenne, and a little anchovy sauce if liked, add a few breadcrumbs, and then mix the ingredients into a paste with a whole egg, which should be well beaten before it is added. Make small cakes of this mixture and fry them in boiling fat. Another very nice way of treating cold fish is to warm it up in the following way: Put some milk into a clean brass or enamelled pan, and, when it is hot, put in the fish, having carefully removed the bones and skin, without breaking it more than necessary. Add a small piece of butter and some finely chopped parsley. Make all this very hot, and serve it with sippets of toast nicely arranged round it.

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